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VOL. XLII NUMBER SIX

ACTA VICTORIANA

MARCH, 1918

Official Calendar of the Ontario Dept. of Education

March:

1. School Boards in unorganized Townships to appoint Assessors. (*Not later than 1st March*).
   Separate School Supporters to notify Municipal Clerks (*On or before 1st March*).
27. English-French Model Schools close for Easter.
28. Normal, High, Continuation, Public and Separate Schools close for Easter (*Thursday before Easter Sunday*).
29. Good Friday.

April:

1. Easter Monday.
   Return by Clerks of Counties, Cities, etc., of population, to Department due. (*On or before 1st April*).
   Boards and Inspectors to report to Department names of teachers, etc., for The Teachers' and Inspectors' Superannuation (cir. 18). (*On April 1st*).
   Annual meeting of the Ontario Educational Association at Toronto. (During Easter Vacation).
8. High and Continuation Schools, third term, Public and Separate Schools open after Easter Holidays. (*Second Monday after Easter Sunday*).
9. Normal and English-French Model Schools open after Easter Holidays.
15. Notice by candidates for Junior High School Entrance and Junior Public School Graduation Diploma examinations, to Inspectors, due (*before and on or before April 15th respectively*).

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR BY THE UNION LITERARY SOCIETY OF VICTORIA COLLEGE, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

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ACTA VICTORIANA

VOL. XLII. TORONTO, MARCH, 1918 No. 6

Church and State in Canadian Education

ACCORDING to the wisest of the ancients education is the chief concern of the State. Realizing the truth of this observation even amid the distraction of war, England, under the able guidance of Mr. Fisher, is preparing educational reforms of far-reaching import. There problems are being grappled with which we in Canada have hardly realized as craving solution. With us, however, thanks largely to racial differences, one question is regarded with perennial, if not always with intelligent, interest. I refer to the question of the extent to which the Church may claim to share with the State the control of Elementary Education.

In any discussion of this subject it would be natural to turn to the experience of other countries. One might refer, for example, to conditions in France where some thirty-five years ago the revolt against clerical domination in Education burst forth, banishing religion from the greater part of the schools; where atheism became almost a fad among teachers, and realism, to use the striking phrase of Viviani, "put out lights in the heavens which will never be lit again." Or one might turn to Belgium, which, in happier days when there was a Belgium, was perhaps the most Catholic country in Europe; where definite religious instruction formed a considerable part of the curriculum, and where the children might be led in a body to church two or three times a week. Or to England, where denominational schools, once the rule, are even yet far from being the exception. Or to Japan, where practically all schools are State schools, and where, more than anywhere among western peo-

ples, the State is the Church and patriotism is religion. But in our own Dominion so heterogeneous is our population and so various the attitude adopted by the different provinces, that within our own borders we may find all the relations of Church to State in respect of Education in type exhibited.

For as a people we are remarkably diverse. If too great nicety in classification is not demanded it may be said that we consist of some five units. In the Maritime provinces an original stock of Scotch sturdiness and Loyalist idealism has been modified by the action of sea breezes and the reaction of a considerable number of Acadian French. Then there is Quebec, with its quaint villages almost medieval in tone and with its interest not absorbed by business but rather divided between religion and politics,—affected appreciably, it should be said, by the presence of those wretched and persecuted English celebrated in story. Thirdly, we have Ontario, founded in heroic sacrifice, suffering somewhat in its body in these later days by reason of unhealthy industrial expansion (congestion in the veins, the rural arteries not serving sufficiently to feed) and by that perversion of honesty, namely, intolerance,—a goodly province withal. Next come the Prairie provinces, polyglot and pushful, trusting overmuch to wheat and cattle for salvation, but bound by no conventions and resolved to strive to seek, to find and not to yield. And lastly we have the province which bears the two voices of mountain and sea wherein the streams of immigration bringing to the farthest west the adventurers of all lands have set them to work out their destiny with an original population largely English by birth and aristocratic in aspirations.

Such is our Federation, so varied, so composite. By the terms of its charter the several provinces were allowed freedom in respect of education, provided only that any rights enjoyed by religious minorities prior to Confederation were not contravened. Now these rights were of such a nature, and so curiously have they been wrought upon by the Provincial Legislatures, that in order to illustrate the various types of relationship between Church and State there is no need to go beyond Canada.

There are three ways in which this relationship may be conceived. The first is this: That the Church cannot afford to surrender any part of the education of the young of its flock to secular agencies, or, as it is generally put, that the parent has inalienable rights in respect of education which he cannot safely hand over to the State, the inference being that the Church stands as the repre-

sentative of the parent. According to this view, religion stands not as a background to education, but as the very centre and life of it. The chief, though not the only, support of this view is found in the Roman Catholic Church. Secondly we have the view that religion should be kept out of the schools; it may be implicit in education but definite instruction should be left to the Church and the Sunday School. As far back as 1840 Carlyle urged this view. He admitted that religious teaching was essential, but until the sects could agree to sink their differences he prayed for strong men to come and impose a secular system on all England. Thirdly, there is the view that these differences are not to be despised and that parents who wish their children to be taught in a school definitely religious in character cannot with right be denied their wish; that while this is true the State on the other hand cannot afford to consider education as outside its province. Hence in this view there is a division of interest and a sharing of control.

These three attitudes have all met with official acceptance in Canada. The first view, that education is primarily the concern of the Church, is that accepted in Quebec. In that province education is still in the position it occupied in Ontario before 1878 in this respect, that there is no Minister of Education. Instead, there are two Councils of Public Instruction, one Protestant and one Catholic, each practically separate and independent. The Superintendent of Education serves as a feeble connecting link between the two, dispensing impartially Government grants to each, the acceptance of which does not involve any considerable obligation to bow to government control. Each Council is practically supreme in its own field. The Catholic schools are saturated with religious teaching. A great number of the teachers are in holy orders. The Protestant schools, by the way, emphasize religion to a much smaller degree and tend to become "neutral" rather than denominational. Hence the rather interesting fact that Jews predominate in the *Protestant* schools of Montreal.

The opposite attitude prevails in British Columbia. In that province no school which receives support may give formal or informal religious instruction, and the few private schools which exist generally aim to confer social distinction rather than religious fervor. The whole system of schools is neat and orderly and entirely secular from the Primary School to the University. And rarely does one hear any complaint of the exclusion of religion from the schools.

The third course is intermediate between the two others and frequently is one of compromise. With George Brown, for example, the acceptance of the Act of 1863 clearly was a compromise. He was opposed to the separation of the children of different denominations in the schools, but accepted as comparatively innocent the Act of 1863, which was incorporated in British North America Act, thus engrafting Separate Schools on Ontario. It is a curious and interesting fact that this Separate Schools' Act was passed by the Union Parliament sitting in Quebec City in spite of an adverse Ontario majority of some twelve members. Quite different was the opinion of John Stuart Mill, who held "that an education established and controlled by the State should only exist, if it exists at all, as one among many competing experiments, carried on for the purpose of example and stimulus, to keep the others up to a certain standard of excellence." But to-day with complacency most of us submit to a degree of State regulation which the prevailing sentiment of Mill's day would not have tolerated. It would be contended to-day that far from being merely one among many competing experiments the State-controlled system of education should be the general system, from which deviations might be permitted, if at all, only in deference to the exceptional views of minorities. This is the principle which finds expression in the School Law of Alberta. There all the schools are State schools to this extent, that they must submit to inspection by public officials. All children are by law compelled to attend a public school unless the government inspector is persuaded each year that those who are not attending public school are receiving adequate education elsewhere. The practical result of such legislation is that all private schools are made subject to annual inspection. In addition to certain private schools the Province has a few Separate schools, about fifteen in all. These more properly are designated as denominational public schools. Not only are they aided by provincial grants but they have the same inspectors, the same curricula, the same text books as in other schools, and they must employ teachers who have been prepared in the same training schools, to pass the same examinations as have the teachers in the secular schools. All that differentiates them is the half hour a day set apart for religious instruction and the fact that teachers and pupils are necessarily of the same religious stripe.

Any account of the relation between Church and State in Canadian Education would be incomplete without some reference to

three phenomena. One is the Halifax arrangement. Nova Scotia has no Separate Schools, but in Halifax an arrangement exists by which the School Board is divided into two committees, one Protestant and one Catholic, and the school rates are divided on a per capita basis between the two sets of schools, each of which is managed by its proper committee. This was substantially the arrangement which the abortive Coldwell amendments sought to introduce into Manitoba, with tragic results to its sponsors. A similar arrangement existed in Ottawa from the year 1886 to 1903 between the French-speaking and English-speaking sections of the Separate School Board. It was instituted when the Irish were in the majority and was terminated when the French achieved ascendancy, with much acrimony, be it said, and far-reaching effects on the Roman Church and Canada in general.

A further peculiar product of our composite national character is seen in the bi-lingual Separate school. Originally in Ontario most of the French and German schools were classified as public schools, but gradually German disappeared from the elementary schools, and for many years the French schools have shown a marked tendency to be classed as Separate, rather than Public. Evidently it is thought to be of advantage to have a Separate School Inspector, and such other rights or privileges as Separate Schools enjoy in Ontario. It may be noted, by the way, that separate inspection is enjoyed as a privilege, not as a right conferred under the British North America Act. Then a tendency has been manifest to confuse religion and language, and to forget that the gift of tongues was one of the earliest accomplishments of the Christian Church. This confusion has led to much false doctrine and error in policy.

But the most interesting of all Canadian people in other respects and in education are the Doukhobors. The strict community Doukhobor objects to all education,—at any rate all education after our fashion. He believes in educating his child at home and in the fields. Manual toil and an oral knowledge of the Scriptures he is likely to consider sufficient for salvation. He may not object to some small acquaintance with reading and writing and arithmetic, but he mistrusts much learning from books. If you argue with him he will probably invite you to test the intelligence of his boy trained in manual arts and piety, with that of your own, and conclude his gentle argument by remarking that the Germans are the best educated people of Europe. The Doukhobors, after the fashion of

passive resisters, have provided a difficult problem for the authorities of Saskatchewan and British Columbia.

But few of us would wish to carry the simple life to the point where we should be willing to join ourselves to the followers of Peter Veregin. Though subject to honest doubt we still have faith in our schools. And however devoted we may be to religious instruction, few would welcome a system such as that obtaining in Quebec which divides the children from their earliest years into distinct and dissimilar camps. It is with us a question as to whether we shall favor the American attitude, as in British Columbia, or, with wise modifactions and safeguards, the British attitude, as in Alberta. Under the former, where no concession is made to those who desire religious teaching in the schools, it is not always possible to avoid a feeling of injury on the part of minorities, and commonly a class of schools arises outside the pale of state jurisdiction. These outlaw schools are known in the United States as parochial schools. In Manitoba, for example, after the abolishing of Separate Schools in 1890, many such schools were developed in which anything or nothing was taught according to the caprice of their clerical managers. Meanwhile the Catholic population protested vigorously against being compelled to pay taxes to support public schools to which conscience forbade them to send their children. On the other hand the Alberta system, while subject to abuse under political manipulation, as indeed are all other institutions, has this at least to commend it, that it satisfies the claims of those who believe that religion is fundamental to education, while at the same time ensuring equal opportunities for education to all.

C. B. Sissons.

Sleeping in Spring.

I sleep in spring, unmindful of the dawn,
When songs of birds are heard on every lawn.
Last night a drenching storm did rage and blow,
Alas, what blossoms must have been laid low!

Translated by Doris Ding from the Chinese.

Before Dawn

By L. H. Floyd.

IT was in that dark hour which precedes the dawn that the sick woman on the bed stirred a little, and the sound of her weak gasping ceased abruptly. The man seated beside her started, listened, then caught up the night-light, and bent over, searching her face eagerly. It was a face reduced to the last elements of human likeness, gray, sunken, incredibly weak, yet clinched hard with a curious effect of volition, as though some strong spirit gripped and rode the poor body, as a horseman grips a jaded mount. So she had lain all night, and for many nights and days before. So she might lie for days to come, or, with one flicker of returning consciousness, might go out in a moment.

Day and night the husband and daughter had nursed her, serving tirelessly this enigma that had replaced their intimate life-companion. The man was not one upon whom such a burden could fall lightly. Beneath the lines of fatigue and anxiety, he stood revealed, in a moment, for what he was, kindly, placid, commonplace, a lover of the obvious and pleasant things of life, suddenly confronted by a great emergency; and, to do him justice, facing it manfully.

Now, as he stood by his wife's bed, with the meagre light falling upon her face, he observed a change, some subtle alteration of line that made it at once softer and more human. Her lids quivered, then lifted slowly. The eyes wandered vaguely an instant, before coming home to his face, only to wander again, searching the shadows behind him querulously. Her lips moved, stiffly, as if the muscles refused to function, then parted a little.

"Ralph?" she whispered.

Her husband took from the table the soiled letter, kept there in readiness for such a demand.

"Ralph," he said slowly and distinctly, "is in the trenches, but sound and well. His company is ordered to the rear for a spell of rest. There is some talk of an advance—"

He checked himself clumsily, hoping that she had not heard the last words.

The woman accepted his news passively, and lay as if vaguely considering it; but her eyes still roved unsatisfied, searching the shadows, searching his face, while, in the silence, the ticking of

a watch on the table filled the room with a persistent, hurrying sound.

"Ralph?" she repeated, at last, more strongly, this time.

Again there was a pause, filled by the hurrying watch, and that creaking and clicking which belongs to an old house at night. When next she spoke it was quite calmly, but coming from that cadaverous face, at such an hour, the words had an inhuman effect of horror.

"I can't,—die!"

The man recoiled a little, then, with a queer little sound of pain, fell on his knees by the bed.

"My dear!" he whispered, but his wife took no notice of him.

"I can't die!" she persisted with the dreary doggedness of semi-delirium, and began to speak steadily in a low hoarse whisper.

"When he went away,—when Ralph went away, he said that I was to keep the home ready for him to come back to. When he was wounded he wrote that, all through the horror and pain, he knew that there was one place of peace and calm in the world, and that I was keeping it for him. Without that he would have gone mad,—he said he would have gone mad. A Hell,—he said,—a blind, stabbing, deafening Hell! I can't—I must wait!"

The last words came with an effort that left her gasping and helpless. The husband rose, and taking a glass from the table, held it to her lips. The draught revived her, for, after an interval she spoke more rationally: :

"Ralph? What—about—Ralph?—An advance?"

"He is sound and well; in the trenches, but expects to be sent to the rear immediately."

But her ears had caught the word he had not meant to let slip.

"An advance?" she persisted.

"An advance is expected," he admitted, reluctantly, "but Ralph's company is ordered to the rear for a rest."

As he spoke, her eyes rested on his face understandingly, but the intelligence soon blurred out of them; and she began to mutter incoherently. Once only came a clear word, spoken with gasping energy,

"Ralph! Ralph! Oh, I can't die!"

Again the silence fell upon the room, while her eyes quested despairingly amongst the shadows. Presently, however, the lids drooped, flickered, drooped again, and closed. The subtle lines of

the face altered, and she slipped away to that strange world where the soul kept vigil over the dying body.

For some time the husband bent over her, trying by every means, to call her back to consciousness, but without result. The grim, strained face upon the pillow ignored him, almost contemptuously; and he presently desisted, turning away with a weary shudder. The long nights of watching, and the emotional stress of this last incident, bore hard upon him; but more especially, he was oppressed by the debile misery of the hour, the most desolate hour of all, for those who wake. A dreary, bloodless restlessness possessed him, driving him from the bed to his chair, and from his chair to the window, where the faint light of early dawn was already oozing in. The bed and its occupant had become ghastly to him. Dearly as he had loved her, devotedly as he would serve her to the end, his was not that spirit that can, at the call of need, transmute mere human love into supreme devotion.

She could not die,—and to him, struggle as he might against the thought, she was as one already dead. Those craving eyes, that thready voice recalled none of the warm humanity of their life together. She must wait, eh? Wait for what? He shuddered weakly, and drew back the curtain—God! the very trees looked uncanny!

It was as he stood thus, brooding, that he first became aware of the sound. He was dimly conscious that it had been going on for some time, but so faintly, so much overlaid by the stealthy noises of the night, that it made little impression on his surface mind. Now, with a shock, he became certain of it, a muffled, purring sound breaking intermittently into a sharp tingling. Somewhere, away in the depths of the house, a bell was ringing. It was characteristic of his state of mind that he stood considering, for some time, before it occurred to him to investigate. There was no telephone in the house. It might, he thought, be the bell of the street door, but never had he heard it ring with quite that hesitant, remote sound. —remote in some sense quite other than that of mere distance. He glanced at the bed, and an idea struck him.

"Perhaps——the doctor!" he said, half aloud.

The thought gave him courage. It was a relief to think of a virile human personality in that chamber of weakness and death. As he hesitated, the ringing came again, more strongly than before. His daughter and the servant slept above, and were, he knew, too much exhausted to hear any such sound. He must go himself. He looked, once more, at his wife; but she lay as usual, her breath

catching, now and then with a slight gasp, otherwise, without sight or sound of life. Reassured, he crept to the door, and after another backward glance, left the room.

The staircase lay below him, as he stood in the upper hall, a well of darkness, up which the night-noises of the old house came as through a trumpet. Never had he heard them so loud and insistent. Could it be that this stealthy creeping and shuffling went on always? It was as if the empty rooms below were filled with an eery company that strove to hide from him some ceaseless activity. But a little more, and he could have sworn that someone—something was creeping up the stair to meet him, pausing on each step to listen.

Abruptly, he realized that, if he were to keep his reason, he must act at once. Back to that ghastly room he could not go. The only course was to advance. He tried to fix his mind upon the bluff, kindly doctor, standing on the doorstep below; but the picture would not form. Down the stair he crept, his overstrained nerves wincing at every motion, his mind busy with thoughts over which he seemed to have no control. The landing, now—there was room on the landing. Suppose something should reach out of the darkness and clutch—

By an effort, he drew himself erect, and stepped out firmly, making a pathetic attempt to hum the catch of a song. The pretence of courage helped him, as it always does, to the reality. He became more nearly in control of himself; but always, beneath the surface, lay some ugly suspicion, some warning from within that he dare not consider. None the less he reached the stair foot, and crossed the hall, passing the cavernous doors of the parlours without panic. The ringing had ceased from the time that he left the room above. It was as if whoever stood without knew that he came and waited for him. Just inside the street-door, he paused, his ear pressed close against the panel.

"Is that you, Doctor?" he asked in a thin voice, that shook a little.

There was no answer, no sound of any sort, not even a shuffling of feet or a rustle of clothing.

"Is that you, Doctor?" he repeated.

The same stark silence followed. But someone must have rung, and, with those dark spaces behind him, any human company was welcome. Even as he debated the point, the bell rang again, clear and peremptory, this time, but still with that curious remote-

ness. The sound decided him. With a jerk he turned the key, and threw back the door.

Of what followed he would have found it difficult to give any connected account. The experience had something of the same quality as the sound of the bell. It was clear and yet remote. The feeling of eeriness that he had suppressed on the stair, came to the surface in a moment, and dominated him; it was the turn of his normal personality to be suppressed. He became, as it were, the instrument of vast and indifferent forces, that used his body, but took no note of himself.

The light outside had strengthened to a faint luminosity, that seemed to come from nowhere, but merely to exist as a part of the atmosphere. By it objects showed clearly as masses, but confusedly in detail. In this light, he saw that a figure stood upon the doorstep,—a man's figure, looming up in gigantic outline. It was certainly not the doctor, of that he could be sure. It was taller, and the dress was different, trimmer, and showing the outline of the figure more. Above the right shoulder was a rod-like projection, the end of which glimmered strangely. He had a bewildered feeling that all this was familiar, that it should be intimately and dearly familiar; but that this familiarity was, in some way, impossible and dreadful, a thought to be avoided.

For the fraction of a second he stood peering out, taking in these facts. Then the silent shape lurched towards him, and, without thought of protest, he gave back before it, flattening himself against the wall, still holding to the knob of the wide open door. Steadily, without haste, without delay, it entered, passing him without sound of footsteps. In a moment, it had disappeared into the darkness of the house, leaving no sign of its passage. The man at the door made no more attempt to follow it than he had to bar its entrance. In that nightmare time, it was as if the laws which governed his ordinary life were suspended, and he stood outside, reft away from all comfortable human things.

From somewhere far off in the silent streets, came a weird shrilling and piping, like the cry of some dreary spirit of the dawn, scarcely noticed at first, so well did it fit in with his emotions. Gradually, and only half consciously, he recognized it as the call of an early newsboy, and the idea helped him. A grotesque sense of humour relieved the tension of horror. His mind clung to the sound as a call to his common sense. Perhaps, after all, he had

been deceived. The light was very uncertain, and his thoughts had not been of the most wholesome.

But while with his outer mind he strove to comfort himself so, another, inner self was listening, listening. The eery creaking from the stairs was louder, more purposeful than before, but he could detect no alien sound. None the less, his mind kept focusing its attention upon one point after another,—the lower flight,—the landing,—the upper flight,—the hall above,—the door of the bedroom. Then suddenly he cringed, as one does before an expected blow.

From above came a moaning cry, yearning, wistful, rising at last, to a shrill wail of wild, inhuman ecstacy.

"Ralph!"

As though a spell had been lifted, the man sprang forward, ran across the hall, and up the stairs, stumbling on the treads and sobbing out incoherencies, in delirium of terror. As he went the crooning sound died slowly away. The door of the bedroom stood half open, hiding the bed and its occupant. He paused a little on the threshold, then, with a sweeping gesture, flung it wide.

At first his haste and excitement filmed his eyes, so that they did not focus properly upon the objects of the room, and he looked, as it were, through a mist. In that moment, it seemed that he perceived a tall figure in the room, the figure of a man who bent over the bed. His clothing was of a yellowish brown colour, and below the hip the butt of a slung rifle showed clearly in the circle of light from the shaded night-lamp. The sick woman seemed to have changed her position. She was half sitting up, supported upon her elbows. Her face was straining up towards that which bent above her, the eyes staring wildly, and the lips parted in a dreadful smile of happiness and welcome.

For perhaps two seconds the illusion persisted. Then the husband's vision cleared, and he saw that the room was empty. His wife lay back upon the bed, wide eyed, and smiling; but the room was empty of all that lived.

Helpless, he stood in the doorway, the tears of sheer weakness running down his cheeks. Above him he could hear the sound of hurrying feet, as the other occupants of the house, roused by the cry, came to his assistance. Without, the calling of the newsboy rang through the street:

"Canadians advance! Great British *vic*-tory!"

Examinations

II.—What The Students Think.

THE very fact of an examination makes me nervous, while the time limit drives me wild. I do not know of anything like it outside of college life; for, if you are writing a book or an article, you decide for yourself how much time you will give to it. Most nervous people who suffer from that horrible paralysis of fear at the finals, agree that the agony would be comparatively slight if they were permitted to set their own time limit.

For this reason, I should like to have essays substituted for examinations. We work harder over essays than over examinations. We also concentrate upon one subject and attempt to think our way through it for an essay, while for an examination we attempt to review up a smattering of everything that we have taken all year. Last week I had two tests on one subject. The one took the form of an essay based upon a text book, and the other was an examination based upon a second text about equal in length and importance to the first. It was a pass subject that had been thrust upon me, and my horizon was bounded by forty per cent. After having read the first book I spent seven hours writing an essay of fifteen or twenty pages upon one big, thrilling subject. I read the second book also, but, alas, when the examination approached, knowing that there would be about six questions with an hour in which to answer them all, I spent two hours momorizing headings of paragraphs. I could give another example of a time when between reading a text and writing an essay upon it, I spent forty hours, and immediately after prepared for an examination by spending four hours reviewing lecture notes without so much as looking at the text at all.

The essay will be returned to me and criticized. The professor will talk it over with me, and I shall re-read it and go on thinking about it, but I'll never see or hear of my examination paper again.

And now I will confess something. I am looking forward with eagerness to my professor's criticism of the essay; and I would give far more for the few minutes that he will spend talking it over with me than for the final examination with the whole fifty lectures thrown in.

. . . . . .

ESSAYS VERSUS EXAMINATIONS.

Essays demand continuous work throughout the year. Examinations! Why, we have the preparation of them down to a science.

In most pass subjects, even if you stay away from the lectures all year, you can take second class honors by borrowing a friend's notes and spending a day studying them just before the final. This has been done so often that it is a recognized part of the time honored lecture and examination system.

Writing essays leads the students as a whole to take their work more seriously. An essay that is due to-morrow will excuse a student from any social function whatever without doing the least damage to his character; but what sort of reputation do you suppose you would have if you attempted to refuse an invitation on the ground that you had a lecture to-morrow on which there was going to be an examination in the spring?

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I know a student who is a real one and not a would be. He is going to be a great man some day. But he cannot possibly take more than second-class honors, because he refuses to "plug" for an examination any details that he does not expect to remember afterwards. He is an honest person. The rest of us smother our sense of shame and memorize all the odds and ends in which we are not specially interested, basely selling our time and our personality for a degree, or, worse still, for an extra ten per cent.; and the university pats us on the back and gives us scholarships and medals. I *despise* the university for doing so.

. . . . . .

Examinations?—Yes I approve of them; my experience has been that examinations are a fairly accurate test of brain power plus previously acquired knowledge, plus study. If one has an unusual amount of the first commodity, one can always get along with a moderate amount of the third; if much of the second, one can do for a while without much of the third, but most of us have so little of the first and second that we must make up the deficiency with the third in order to pass our examinations. We who are in this class are not safe if we wait until the last month or two, and, then, try to *cram* what we should have spent seven months in learning. If we do we should not lay the fault on the examination system.

A good substitute, in one way, for examinations, but one which would mean much additional work for our instructors, would be that each instructor keep a record of the work done by each student from week to week throughout the whole college year. But when one of us *fails,* it is much less unpleasant for both professors and

ourselves to have failed on a written examination, than because they could not give us marks enough for our term work. Besides, the professors are *only human*, and if this plan were adopted, who knows but that finally the system, (and the professors), would become corrupt through bribery, patronage, and graft—à la politics.

EVA MYERS.

. . . . . .

Truly the sins of our fathers have descended upon our own heads; else why should the modern undergraduate be plagued by examinations? This is said not in the way of cynical criticism of the academic *curse*; but as a condemnation of original sin which causes man so far to chafe against authority, that he wants ever to *learn* what he should not learn, and to neglect those things which make him a man after the hearts of faculty councils and registrars. Honestly, fellow students, you know that without examinations we would leave this "venerable pile" at the end of four years (?) with scarcely the qualifications to take tickets at a five-cent. movie.

Of course, when we look at it from the professional point of view, we realize that our subject is interesting enough to demand the unsolicited attention of every student. But strangely enough, the student, if left to himself, is liable to discriminate in favor of one or two of these engrossing subjects, to the disappointment of the neglected members of the staff.

In any case, examinations are a horrible form of stimulant; but we must be willing to back them up until the time when the present form of university administration has migrated to its happy hunting-ground. Besides, folks, we must not be inconsiderate. Many a thing is said on examination papers which makes *professors* think. A sort of annual review for them, don't you imagine?

H. C. B.

. . . .

A long, long time ago when I was in my freshman year in this ancient abode of learning, I tried an examination in Honor German. "Tried" is a good word; because I knew practically no German. Beside this disability I did not deserve to pass—because I committed, deliberately and with malice aforethought, that crime (the enormity of which only hoary professors know) of "getting up" all my German with another student. The moral of this memory lies in this—I *know*, past all doubt, that my friend knew ten words of German where I knew one—that she had a knowledge of idiom

and grammatical forms which was at once my envy and despair—and, as we did all our authors together, we covered exactly the same amount of work. As for sight translation, her excellent grounding enabled her to read indifferently well passages of which I could make nothing. Now, I am not naturally an ultra-modest person, as my friends (and enemies) will testify, and I have tried to state fairly and as accurately as possible our relative chances. Therefore, to put the case mildly, I was astonished to find that my friend was awarded III Class Honours, while I succeeded in persuading the examiners that I knew enough German to secure II Class. Query: "What are examinations for?" My answer is: "To test the quantity of one's vocabulary, the speed of one's pen and, last but not least, the state of one's nerves." (I seldom get "fussed" over an examination; my friend always did).

"THE DEAR ILLUSION."

Dusk with a grey and silent sea,
The fading outline of a shore,
A bittern's cry, and evermore—
The lonelier cry of memory.

Night and the lifted clouds afar,
And yonder near a little hill,
A cross above a form so still
Holds vigil with one raying star.

Sleep falls and lo! the gift of dreams;—
He comes again, I clasp his hands,
Death's bars are broken and he stands,
As once he stood; e'en so it seems.

—E. J. P.

In the Days of the Epidemic

A. P. Addison.

IN the early days of Victoria in Toronto, not many years after the removal from Cobourg, and while the student body had still the vitality and boisterousness of folk brought up in the country, there was an epidemic of practical jokes. Like other epidemics, no one could tell where it originated, few, if any, could tell who were the first victims; all that was known was that it passed from one to another; that it assumed more and more serious proportions; and that it needed—and received—very vigorous treatment from the authorities.

At first, it was manifest in jokes played by one student on another. Many of these were through the medium of the newspapers. One evening, in a certain column of the *Evening Telegram*, there appeared such a notice as this:—"Wanted, a good full-grown tom-cat. Must be strong and good ratter. Good price paid. Apply at four o'clock on Saturday at————" and the name and address of a well-known theological student—a tall, formal, ostentatiously orthodox minister-to-be—was appended. It was a winter of some hardship. Many boys were in need of funds. About thirty of these stuffed the neighbor's tom-cat in a bag, and appeared at the door of the supposed advertiser. The student battled with explanations, with the first comers, then hunted shelter by going for a walk, leaving the other boys to be dealt with by the landlady. None of the boys thought it worth while to carry the cats home. These thirty cats, strange cats, in a locality unfamiliar to them, all seeking cover, spent several nights cursing their ill fortune, and saying hard things about the boys; and the neighbors in that vicinity learned the truth of the old saw, "It pays to advertise."

The epidemic, however, spread until it had infected the class life of the college. Jokes were played by one class on another, and by all the classes,—particularly the sophomores—on the freshmen. The freshmen this year, as in other years, were having a reception, and, anxious to make a success of it, they secured the services of a caterer. Amongst the things sent up for this affair was a large can of lemonade. Of this the sophomores drank, in secret, perhaps three quarters, and filled up the can with water. The amount was the same, only the quality was altered. The freshmen discovered this only as it was being served. When the fact became known that the

sophomores had done the deed, vengeance was vowed and the form of vengeance was openly stated. A new reception was to be held: all the ladies of all the years were to be guests, except the ladies of the second year. The men students of the other classes were each invited to send two representatives, and the men of the sophomore class were told, in as offensive terms as possible, that there was no desire for any representatives from their number. The refreshments were to be such as never had been at a class function. There were printed programmes. There was to be an orchestra and a promenade. And no sophomores. It was a challenge. Such a challenge could not pass. The students were watched. Telephone conversations were overheard. Their order at the caterer's was added to; and spies were set. The stuff arrived. Its location was marked. Provision for its purloining and the circumvention of Robert, the great and only Robert, was made. Robert had laboriously carried everything up to the third flat, and, to make assurance doubly sure, put it in a private room of one of the professors, where the big steal came off. A post-graduate student was despatched to keep Robert out of the road. This student had a pair of skates to be put in shape, and screwed on a pair of boots. They retired to the shop in the basement to do the job, and to him Robert confided his suspicions. The forty thieves upstairs were advised of the facts. To get into the room where the provisions were one of the students, with a rope around his body, clambered along a ledge of stone, across a piece of wall to the window of the other room, entered it, opened the door to the others, and let down by ropes the precious refreshments, which the men carted away to the room of one of the students. They left the freshmen nothing but the cutlery and dishes.

Robert, the skates being sharpened, leisurely went up and caught them in the room, with the ropes of their trade in their hands. He threatened and stormed until they, being disciples of the safety-first campaign, persuaded their companions, and all of the refreshments, all, mark you, were brought back, and most of the freshmen, to this day, do not know that it ever went on a journey. This was the end of Act II.

The sophomores, however, had been aided in their planning and execution by certain adventurous youths of the senior year, and some post graduates in theology. These had had visions of the division of the spoils; and, not being safety-first men, or at least not of placing other people's safety first, were of the opinion

that something at least might have been saved from the disaster. They thought that two sophomores in particular had been guilty of gross weakness, and that some punishment was due to them. They constituted themselves as the executors of this punishment. They hit on this plan. These men were to be summoned to the Police Court to answer a charge, preferred by Robert, of entering a private room. They borrowed summonses from a policeman who was their friend. They borrowed his uniform and served the summons. In consequence, one of the boys was ejected on Saturday night from his boarding house, where they drew the line at sheltering men with a Police Court record. He was taken in by one of his friends who —oh, irony of events!—was the chief of the practical jokers that had planned the great coup. He persuaded the unfortunate man to live strictly in seclusion, and the news was kept dark and hidden from the other sophomores. All day Sunday it was kept hidden; the day aided the secrecy of the plot; and on Monday morning, bright and early, the trembling victim was carefully guided by his chuckling confidant, the villain, right into the Court to answer to the charge. He had determined, like a man, and in harmony with his safety first principles, to throw himself on the mercy of the Court.

The events that followed were amazingly unexpected, even to the villain himself. They actually arrived when the Court was in session, and just when a name similar to the victim's was called. He responded to the summons at once. The equilibrium of his guide was completely destroyed. He gazed; he smiled; he laughed, a loud, cheery laugh for which he was famous. In the tense hush of the court-room echoed this violent, discordant mirth. The Court wondered; the victim, in an awful flash of illumination, saw his tremendous gullibility exposed, and the villain made a leap for the door. But it was too late. "Bring me that young man," thundered the magistrate. Policemen seemed to be everywhere. There was not a loophole to escape. He submitted resignedly, asking only for a private interview with the magistrate, who granted his request.

After the Court, what was dark became light. The villain confessed. The magistrate, with true humour and a vision prophetic, perhaps, appreciated a joke. He warned the young man of forging summonses to the Police Court, and of going about the streets in a policeman's uniform, and, in bidding him good-bye, he said: "If you should want a summons again in such a case come to me, and I will give you a real one, and have it delivered by a

real policeman.'' This the villain remarked, and, later, the magistrate splendidly fulfilled his promise, which story is also a part of the epidemic.

THE SOUL OF THE RAINBOW.

The sunbeams painted a rainbow
On a mist floating over a valley,
And a child and a sage looked upon it.

Then the mist found language, thus speaking:
"Lo, all eyes shall behold now my beauty."

The child saw the beautiful bow,
The sage, the broken-rayed light,
But the soul that was throbbing within it,
The fount of its loveliness, waited unseen
And longing and lonely . . . .

Then the clouds hid the sun-rays from vision,
And tears of rain fell. Love was weeping.

ALBERT DURRANT WATSON.

Musings Without Method

NOT long ago a small group of us were gathered round the fire in the S.C.R.; some were graduates, some undergraduates, and two members of that institution of doubtful utility, the Faculty. We fell into discourse on the place of religion in the University, and in Victoria in particular. Also we groped our way into the thorny problem of the relation of means to end, and the value of religious institutions in a college. I am the more inclined to record something of the impressions carried away from our discussion because they represent not merely my own unstable conclusions, but the point of view of men who are closer to the problem than I can claim to be.

Victoria is undoubtedly a religious place. I think that St. Paul might have used of us the complimentary epithet that he addressed to the Athenian philosophers on Mars Hill, he would have admitted that we, in comparison with such godless places as, let us say, Trinity or Knox, were "more than others respectful of the divine." Whether he would have added that our devotions were directed to an "Unknown God" I will not venture to surmise. But in considering the place of religion in the college we wondered, as we talked about it, whether it did not suffer from being "established."

The point is this. We have in Victoria various associations representing and looking after the various activities of the college. There is the august Literary Society, representing the brains of the college, a society with which, needless to say, I have no connection. There is the Athletic Association, bravely holding up its end in spite of fewness of fit men. There is the Y.M.C.A., the recognized representative of the religious side of college life. Each of these and similar societies has its officers, elected by the whole college, and I suppose it is no secret of state that such offices are sought after.

Now, it seemed to us, in discussing the way in which such things work out, that the tendency of the "establishment" of religion in this way was to confine the Association concerned with it almost inevitably to what may be called "religious" people. Just as the Literary Society may be assumed, at least for the sake of argument, to exist for the intellectuals, and the Athletic Association for the lovers of college sports, so the Y. tends to be considered as

existing for the "religious," and in this way suggests that religion is one particular form of college activity which may be indulged in and promoted by those who care for such things. If you are intellectual you "go in for" the Lit.; if you have thews and sinews you go in for the Athletic, and if you are religious, or a "theolog," you join the Y.

It seemed to us, although perhaps smoke wreaths obscured our vision, and the light of the dying embers of the wood fire hardly illumined the subject sufficiently, that this was roughly the way in which the institutions tended to work out in practice. Cases were cited in which, for example, a captain of the rugby team had been an excellent President of the Y., but it was felt that these were exceptions.

This raised the whole question of religion in a college, or a University. No one seemed inclined to accept the position that religion should be regarded as a special activity proper to a certain type of man. In such a case both the conception of religion suffered and the life of the colleges also suffered. It was felt that religion was not a special form of activity, prayer, good works, attendance at meetings, and abstinence from "the grosser forms of vice," but that it was a spirit, an attitude towards life. It was a spirit at once of humility, and of courage and adventure, a vision of the heights and depths of life, something that might pervade the whole of college life and all its activities in the same way that the call of the Empire's need has penetrated and affected every side of college life to-day. It is a sad irony of fate that religion, and above all Christianity, in its essence and origin a spirit of liberty, adventure, of breaking loose from ancient bounds and pushing on into the unknown, towards God, has become a byword for conservatism, for clinging to routine and custom, and for hatred and distrust of innovation.

This came to us as we reflected on the tendency of any established organization to harden and crystallize, cease to move, and so cease to represent the ever changing, ever progressing spirit of religion. One, more daring than the rest, maintained that whatever organization or machinery might be set up in college to realize these things ought to be scrapped at intervals to save it and the college from the consequences of "establishment." So again we were once more confronted with the age-long problem which life itself is daily working out in "Nature, never-done, ungaped-at Pentecostal miracle," the problem of form and spirit.

To say that it was a matter for the individual to settle for himself, that religion could not be organized, was felt to be both an evasion of the problem and an ignoring of the fact that life tends to organization. As Prof. Bosanquet has said in his latest book, "Whatever cannot be organized is not life." Although it is equally true and equally necessary to remember with Mr. H. G. Wells that, looking at the matter from the opposite point of view, "Whatever is organized has begun to die."

Hence we could not shirk the further question of the relation of form to spirit, of the Y.M.C.A. as the established religious organization of our college to the religious spirit of the college life.

It would take too long and too much space to set down all that we talked about concerning this matter. For when a group of college men put their heads together to turn the world upside down, "the flow of soul" is generally copious, though unkind people might say that reason was the ha'porth of bread to an intolerable deal of sack. But one or two points may be set down, and perhaps some of those who read may do some thinking on the matter for themselves, for at any rate we did feel that the matter was worth thinking about.

In the first place it was felt that the whole religious life of the college might gain, rather than lose, by "disestablishment." That disestablishment might act, as it has generally acted, upon the religious life of churches, as a stimulus to adventure and reality, for example, the Anglican Church in Ireland. That if it disappeared from the number of official societies, and from the photographs in Acta, it would help to destroy a clogging and embarrassing sense that religion is a special sphere of college activities, only attractive to the pious. In fact, we felt, though I can imagine lifted eyebrows in high places, that the business would thrive better as a secret society, a revolutionary conspiracy, whose members had nothing to gain in the way of college honours, and to whom adventure would be the only attraction.

Then, arising out of this, was the feeling that the name also did not really express what was needed in or characteristic of University life. It was a name borrowed from an institution which has done and is doing most admirable and invaluable work in the community, but representing a different spirit and different methods from those which would grow up naturally in a student body. Nor is it right to say, "What does the name matter?" for anyone

acquainted with university life knows that a name matters a great deal.

Then, it was felt that organization, machinery, should be reduced to a minimum—only what was needed to do the work—and that it would grow out of the needs of college life. Lastly, I think all of us felt that the prime function of any organization which should have for its end to express the religious life of the college community, would be most of all along the more difficult line of social intercourse, the creation and stimulation of a spirit of enquiry, the student spirit and attitude towards the deeper things of life. There is no greater bond between men than to have wrestled together over the fundamental problems of God, the world, and the self. These are the *summa fastigia* of a night which I shall always gratefully remember.

—S. H. H.

My lord is gone away to serve the King.
The pigeons homing at the set of sun
Are side by side upon the court-yard wall
And far away I hear the herdsmen call
The goats upon the hill when day is done.
But I, I know not when he will come home.
I live the days alone.

My lord is gone away to serve the King.
I hear a pigeon stirring in the nest,
And in the field a pheasant crying late.
—She has not far to go to find her mate.
There is a hunger will not let me rest.
The days have grown to months and months to years,
And I have no more tears.

From the Chinese: Written 769 B.C.

The Blushing Bride

IT is time that people of education should try to avoid the use of hackneyed phrases. Why is a bride continually spoken of as blushing? For what is she blushing? Hasn't she acquired her bridegroom by fair play? She did not have to poison the blonde rival, did she? Of course, she may have mentioned sometime or other that the new shade of Mabel's hair really suited her better than the former color. But that was just by way of conversation.

Does she blush because she is leaving behind her fairer, sweeter sisters perhaps? No, indeed, ordinary human nature would not prompt her to blush at such a thought. She would sooner smile with pride to think that she had "made the grade" before them.

Maybe she blushes because she has "made such a poor catch." Maybe she is ashamed of the insignificant wretch she has enticed into her toils. She has to own up to him on her wedding day. Before, she did her best to avoid introducing him to her girl friends for fear they would feel sorry for her. Of course, she had kept his picture on her dressing-table where they might see it; but that flattered him and hid his bald spot. She had probably kept her engagement as "dark" as possible. She had only mentioned it to a few of her most intimate friends before he gave her the ring. And after she received it, she exhibited it with as quiet ostentation as she could command.

But supposing that she is perfectly satisfied that none of her girl friends could have made a "better match" than she has, why should she blush? Surely matrimony is nothing to be ashamed of. It is done in the best families. In fact, it is one of our oldest national customs; and one of the practices that is common to all countries. It is the sole end and ambition of the majority of all peoples. Every Annesley Hall girl knows why father sent her to Victoria. Why not be frank about it? Why blush when you have accomplished your aim as if to say, "This is so sudden!" Let us inaugurate a campaign to do away with blushing at weddings.

There is only one moment when a bride may logically be permitted to blush at her wedding. That is the moment that she reaches the altar and sees at her side the trembling victim of her schemes. Any person with civilized emotions would blush to think that she has been the cause of his fate; that she has taken this in-

nocent, unsuspecting young man from the home of his father; has wrenched him from the loving care and tender solicitudes of his mother. He is being thrust out into the cruel world to make a home of his own. Alone, he must face the tax bills; alone, he must shovel the snow from his front walk. He must live with a woman who, compared with his mother, is an entire stranger to him.

If the bride obeyed the dictates of her emotions at this moment, she would throw up the whole game and let him go back home. Instead, she satisfies her conscience with a blush, sets her jaws, and goes on with the ceremony.

This, then, is the only moment when the bride may blush with reason. So why speak of her as "blushing," which implies a continuous condition? Say that the bride is beautiful, charming, sweet. She is sure to be all these: beautiful, because she is wearing the most expensive clothes she ever had or probably ever will have; charming, because everybody must be on their best behaviour at weddings and the refreshments are usually good; sweet, because she is surrounded by all her friends and relatives who have sent her more or less hideous wedding presents and she has to make every one believe that this was the "very thing she wanted most." But please let us abandon the fallacy that the normal bride spends her wedding day "blushing."

Mary had a little sock, and though she knitted slow,
Everywhere that Mary went that sock was sure to go.
She took it to her English class, where she'd the moments steal
From making notes on Shakespeare's plays, to deftly turn a heel.

—N.E.

An Undiscovered Country

Douglas Bush.

Je ne sais pas de lecture plus facile, plus attrayante, plus douce que celle d'un catalogue.—*Anatole France.*

WHEN a magazine editor is "gravelled for lack of matter" and his assistant is too busy to write any *Unpublished Letters from Browning to Miss Barrett,* he generally prints an article on *The Books One Ought to Read.* The tired commuter, reading the article, is advised to peruse Homer, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare, and the rest, and after a mighty resolve: "Yes, I certainly will start a course of good reading next week," he turns with avidity to a biographical sketch of Henry Ford, and Dante is forgotten. In these articles—they all contain the same sound advice, expressed in the same patronizing way, and adorned with the same poetical quotations—the authors overlook one of the most useful and entertaining fields of literature, namely, publishers' catalogues.

The word *catalogue* does not sound inviting; it suggests dictionaries, railway time-tables and similar repositories of valuable but unattractive knowledge. As a matter of fact there is no more fascinating reading in the world than book-catalogues, if the reader is in the proper frame of mind.

That frame of mind, I may say at once, is absolutely essential; if you do not possess it, book-catalogues are as valuable to you as a New York Directory to an inhabitant of Foochow. The conditions are these,—first, a consuming, insatiable desire to buy books; second, a bank-account that would not arouse envy in a peanut-vendor; or, to use a pithy but vulgar phrase, one needs to have a champagne taste and beer income. One must be born with the frame of mind; the financial state can be attained to.

Suppose, then, that you are fortunate, yes, fortunate, enough to fulfil these conditions. You dispatch half a dozen postcards. In a week you have received catalogues containing from 100 to 300 pages each, from MacMillans, Scribners, Oxford Press, Cambridge Press and others, and the total cost is twelve cents! An intellectual feast for twelve cents! I mention these publishers because their catalogues are especially rich in "names that are music to a scholar's ear."

I believe that a victim of c.t. and b.i. (see above) should always

order books by mail, because such a person, if he enters a book-store, is almost certain to have spent all his substance before he is ten feet from the door, before he recollects what he came for. But at home, far from the alluring rows of books that plead to be taken down, he can calmly and judiciously choose the volume he has long desired to get. One who trusts to the glib advice of a clerk in making purchases knows not the joy of book-buying, of sending for catalogues, comparing editions, and prices, and at last, after months of hoarding, mailing a cheque! I say "cheque," but in truth the person I describe more often sends his remittance in postage-stamps.

Such a one is not deceived by "ooze-leather gift-books," "calf-bound holiday editions," and similar gilded devices for securing money from the ignorant, prodigal buyer. The reader of catalogues knows exactly what edition he wants, why it is superior to other editions, where and when it was published, and what it costs. He cannot, indeed he would not, buy "complete works," *éditions de luxe;* his little library grows volume by volume, he admits none but old and tried friends.

Approaching catalogues with more or less knowledge (and with the c.t. b.i. reader it is generally "more") of literature and literary history, one unconsciously acquires a vast amount of information about the lives of authors, their works, the comparative value of the different editions, and so forth. In the Pitt Press and Clarendon Press catalogues, for example, are listed books in all ancient and modern languages, in all departments of literature. They are storehouses of book-lore.

But, you say, these are only masses of isolated facts, the bare bones of literature. To be sure they are, but the loving and assiduous reader of catalogues is able to put flesh on the skeletons. To him they are friends whom age cannot wither (except when prices advance) nor custom stale. And while the man of champagne income orders a dozen paper-jacketed "spring novels" at $1.50 each (Harold Bell Wright and his tribe), our wiser friend mails some post-cards, from which comes a crop of thick, beautiful catalogues that promise many happy hours. Where shall the bibliophile find greater bliss?

FOOTSTEPS.

Pitter-patter, pitter-patter,
Little tots to school!
Chitter-chatter, chitter-chatter,
Learn the golden rule.

Rap-a-tap, rap-a-tap,
Racing down the street!
Thunder-clap, thunder-clap,
Boy and boy to meet!

Skip and trip, skip and trip,
Maid of sweet sixteen!
Lip to lip, lip to lip,
Court of love, the queen!

Tramp-a-tramp, tramp-a-tramp,
Soldier man to strife!
Skimp and scamp, skimp and scamp,
Fiercely fighting life!

Hobble-wobble, hobble-woble,
Tott'ring step of age!
Life a bauble, life a bauble,
Close the pilgrimage.

Pro-putty, pro-putty,
Doleful toll of woe!
Nobody, Nobody,
Through the gate they go.

—*H.*

*AS HE GOES TO WAR.**

I've this moment found thee,
Spirit of my dreaming;
True love flames around thee,
Past all empty seeming.
'Tis here, upon the margin of the hill,
I see thy face at last. Thou mays't my dream fulfil.

Thou art come at last,
Spirit long awaited,
I will hold thee fast,
Sweeter, joy belated,
For here, upon the margin of the hill,
My soul doth burn to pause, to stay and take its fill.

O vow of deathless love,
At this moment given
Thou'rt registered above,
Thou'rt sealed in Heaven;
Thus, here upon the margin of the hill,
Resigned I take my leave, and bend unto His Will.

—H. D. LANGFORD.

* "The Hill" upon whose other side lies the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

The Problem of the Returned Soldier

By W. E. Blatz, M.A. (Hart House, U. of T.)

TO the tune of beating drums, blaring bugles, and fluttering flags, our boys went away with martial tread. In the feverish preparations, the heart-throbbing farewells, and the noisy departure, all is forgotten but the issue at hand, the defeat of the enemy and the triumph of Right over Wrong. The "return" is swathed in the swaddling clothes of the dim and mystic future.

It was not until the first Hospital ship warped to her moorings at Halifax,when the first tragic stretcher was passed down the gangplank, when the first "Blighty" train swiftly sped from East to West, that the people, the government, everybody realized that there was a 'post-war' problem.

So busily was everyone engaged with winning the war that the economic problem of the "returned" soldier was relegated to the pigeon-hole, until he was here, ready for treatment he so richly earned. It soon became apparent that it was the duty of every citizen in the country to see that those who were willing to sacrifice their lives for the principles at stake should now be given every opportunity to make use of those privileges for which they had fought to the best advantage. Of what avail Freedom and Liberty to a soldier so maimed that he be confined to his bed, useless, though waiting for "something to turn up," if nothing be done to alleviate his condition? Where would the Blind Hero find solace in life if he were not educated, entertained and amused? What consolation is there to the cripple if he be not provided with treatment to modify his disabilities, and a task, however light, with utensils adapted to his condition "to fill in the time?"

It can be said with pride, however, that in no other country in the world is the returned soldier so jealously cared for as in Canada. Nobly has Canada risen to the task. A new crisis has been met and successfully passed. Late in the summer of 1914 Canada was asked to meet the first real crisis in her history. Manfully and nobly she responded, and indelibly has her name been stamped upon the fields of Flanders, and forever shall Ypres, St. Julien, and Langemarck resound through the Halls of Fame.

Our school histories give the impression that battles are mile-

stones for the nations. But the "returned man" is a more prosaic theme. Its trend is tragic rather than melodramic. Its anecdotes are trite, not startling. Human suffering is far too universal to wish to dwell on the trials of others.

From historic ages the soldier who died for his country was honored. Witness Pericles' speech over the Athenian heroes. Horace' Pro Patria Mori shall never die. Through the literature of all races of all times the noble sacrifice of unselfish love for country has been justly extolled. Less has been said of the wounded hero. His suffering is all the more real because it must be borne through the remainder of his life. He was, however, not neglected. In older times it rested with the generals what fitting reward be granted to his warriors, with whom he was pleased. Caesar was wont to send his wounded men to the well-known health resorts in Northern Italy, there to rest in idleness and repose until recovery. Napoleon made use of the territory conquered in Northern Africa as Spas for his veteran heroes.

The question of pension as reward for services has been the universal custom in all civilized armies.

The pension grant of the United States Civil War is notoriously generous. It remained for the Great War with its colossal armies to develop all its branches to stupendous proportions. Details in former wars have assumed such importance in this gigantic struggle, that separate departments have often evolved from insignificant appendages—to mention only a few, the Department of Salvage, Department of Aerial Reconnaisance, Department of Re-Education, etc.

In Canada every returned soldier is granted a pension depending upon the extent of disability. The pension once granted cannot be altered. Thus every opportunity is placed in the patient's way to improve his condition, and the thought that any improvement will lower his pension does not enter as a complication. The patient is made to understand that those in charge of his welfare are unselfishly endeavoring to better his condition for his own sake as well as for his country.

It is well to realize how very important it is to return these men to civil life. How essential it is to wean them gradually from the rigid discipline of the army to the "freedom" of civil conventionalities. How inadequate it would be to usher them directly into every day routine from the uninitiative military programme, needs no explanation. How much saner it is to have the men

treated under reserved military rules, as much as possible by civilian doctors, in civilian institutions!

The methods employed by the Military Hospitals Commission in Toronto and elsewhere in Canada deserve great credit for their comprehensive grasp of the whole situation. The proper proportion of discipline and latitude has been afforded with the excellently satisfactory results now being attained. Much has been written about the handling of casualties in France and England, from the Front Line Trenches to the Dressing Stations, to the Casualty Clearing Hospitals, to the Base Hospitals, and thence to the Convalescent Hospitals. In Canada the depots are on the whole Convalescent Hospitals.

The men are boarded in Quebec where some effort of distribution with reference to their disabilities is made. Medical, surgical and mental cases are roughly the classifications. The Blind, Deaf and Dumb are the sub-classes. In every possible case the patient is granted leave to visit home before reporting at the hospital for further treatment.

The Mental and Medical cases are treated in institutions admirably suited for the requirements, and we will make no further mention of them. But the surgical cases, however, are peculiar.

Orthopaedic centres are being established all over Canada for the reception and treatment of these classes. The best surgical appliances and services are afforded, and all the modern discoveries and advances in surgical technique are employed to assist in the soldier's recovery. It is found, however, that after the most skilful operating the result is always disappointing unless further post operative treatment is employed, and this may be regarded as the "new treatment" for the returned soldier.

Disabilities occur in numerous ways; bone shot away with the subsequent shortening of limbs; muscles excised as the result of gangrene; joints stiffened from rheumatism and splintage; functions lost as the result of nervous injuries; movements ineo-ordinated as the result of shock and nervous strain.

All these conditions come under the head of post operative treatment, and many methods are employed.

Hydrotherapy is the employment of water at various temperatures and pressures to alleviate pain and reduce swellings.

Massage is employed to recuperate wasted muscles, to bring back the nutritive functions to atrophied tissue.

Electrotherapeutics has at last found a definite field in treat-

ing the paralysed muscles and also in the adjustment of that most evasive of maladies, "functional paralysis."

If after these successive treatments it is found that there is much room for improvement, the man is still at a disadvantage if forced to compete with a normal individual. However slight the disadvantage, in this age of "the survival of the fittest," the handicap will grow and grow instead of decrease. How long the patriotic attitude toward the returned soldier will persist is debatable, but there is no question that the more independent he is made of this unselfish patrimony the better both for himself and the country.

In Europe much is being done by curative workshops, and much ingenuity is being displayed in the endeavor to adapt some appliances to the man's disability to fit him for civilian strife. This has obvious disadvantages, primarily the restriction to one trade, and probably one cog in the numerous wheels of that industry; secondly, in this age of mechanical advancement the machine will soon outgrow the man, and unless he is able to adapt himself to the new device by the process of natural selection it is certain he will not be "selected."

The only course remaining is to take the man and re-educate him along the line of natural functions, and this branch of War Therapeutics is being developed in Canada to as high an order as anywhere else. The rationale of the treatment lies in encouraging and teaching the patient to regain his normal movements either by developing the muscles and tissue injured or by employing accessory muscles to perform new movements. Thus by employing the patient's own energy, he can adjust himself to widely varying conditions, and his initiative is not cramped. By using simple devices to develop these functions the patient is more readily brought to his goal. Each day the patient reports for treatment, and under the resourceful and solicitous care of a trained assistant, he is taught to bring all his reserve energy into play in an endeavor to ameliorate the results of his injuries.

The results that are being obtained in Hart House are ample justification of the treatment initiated there. The enthusiasm of the patients and their application during treatment speak volumes for the efficiency and necessity of such treatment. The ultimate aim is to place these men back into civil life, which they so readily and generously resigned, so that their disability, if remaining, will serve rather as an impetus than a handicap for their advancement.

What seems most astonishing is that within a stone's throw of

each other stand two colossal buildings, the results of years of architectural evolution, within whose walls are individuals working at the highest tension. One group examining by miscroscopes, analizing and synthesizing, in their mad endeavor to destroy human life, explosives, armaments, poisonous gases and submarines. In the other building a second group peering through microscopes,analizing and synthesizing in what seems to be a hopeless task of bringing human life forever into the domain of their control. Thus the two forces appear to be working at cross purposes! Where is it all going to lead?

On Egos

S. Moote, '19.

THAT most conspicuous characteristic of conscious personality, described by Lavater as "the dear ME," affects all classes of men who have occupied the chair of the tonsorial artist. Nor have editorial and professorial chairs always kept free from its subtle and sometimes insidious domination. Although the form may be varied in every case, the trait is none the less recognizable.

The peculiar pomposity of the garrulous narrator of "deeds of daring-do" is to be remarked in the sign-post which he—no, it is not always he,—sets up straight and tall in every sentence, the pronoun belonging to the first person. But what would the world do without this so sensitive creature whose duty, self-imposed, is to culturize civilization. Here is one more who has won the right to wear with Wilhelm the crown of megalomania.

The ego-man has a sense of his selfishness. Reliance on oneself is commendable, but with him selfness quickly shifts to selfishness. Then, instead of living so that he can shake hands with himself, he shakes everything out of your hands into his capacious pockets. His bumptious pride—for every word that falls from his lips, every idea he flashes upon the world must receive gushing commendation —recalls that of the good Irish laundry-woman in her husband. In glowing terms she told her employer how handy Pat was. "He had been after making a table out of his own head, and sure, he had enough left to make a chair." It must have been the ego-man who first said, "aimez-moi, aimez mon chien." After listening to his nonsense and hearing, like thunder-claps, the "only" personal pronoun, the impulse is to love the dog and ignore the master,—if he will let you.

Another type of the ego-man shuts himself up in his own contemplation and often enforces so strict a silence that he is misunderstood. Yet these men *do* things. Interesting it is to remember how some of the greatest minds have by their apparent "blankness" amused the uninitiate. Canoeing on a stream in the Adirondacks, a rough guide learned that the traveller in his boat was from Massachusetts and asked him if he knew "Jimmie Lowell." "Why, no." "You must," he replied, "he's one of your teachers at the univers'ty and writes poems." "Oh, you perhaps mean Professor James Russell Lowell," the now smiling traveller returned. "Do you know

him?'' ''Yes, ignorant cuss, isn't he?'' Inquiry revealed that Lowell when in the mountains had arbitrarily insisted on being taken against the current, simply to avoid the rays of the sun. The poet, wrapped so completely in his own meditations, enforced his inclination to the deep disgust of the practical mountaineer. Success falls to the ego-men of thought when they co-ordinate their ideals and practices. Stirring news one morning surprised England but did not move Carlyle. Informed that the Atlantic Cable had been laid and that conversation could be had with America, he retorted somewhat cynically, ''What's the use, if you have nothing to say?'' To have something to say implies study, preparation and confidence. Canada wants her young men and women to understand her problems, to school themselves that they may take some place in evolving them. To-day the supreme type of the ego-man is the specialist in the progress of the state. Canadians must be ready in response to their country's call and specialized for war or peace.

Finally, have something to say. Fear not the shallow egoist, but sure of your convictions, be the true ego-man of action.

I cannot write a noble poem,
Like Wordsworth, Burns, or Bliss.
And so I write a simple rhyme
That quickly ends—like this.

—N. E.

Joubert

A SELECTION FROM HIS THOUGHTS.*

If there is a man tormented by the cursed ambition to put a whole book into a page, a whole page into a phrase, and that phrase into a word, I am that man.

* * * * *

I long to blend a choicer meaning with the commoner meaning of words, or to make the choice meaning common.

* * * * *

I do not polish my phrase, but my idea. I wait, until the drop of light that I need is formed, and drops from my pen.

* * * * *

I long to make wisdom current coin, that is to say, to stamp it into maxims, proverbs, sentences, easy to retain, and to hand on. Oh! that I might discredit and banish from the language of men, like debased coin, the words that they misuse, and that deceive them!

* * * * *

Over-emphasis spoils the pen of the young, just as high singing spoils their voice. To learn to husband force, voice, talent, and intellect—this is the use of art, and the only way to excel.

* * * * *

Be profound with clear terms, and not with obscure terms. What is difficult will at last become easy; but as one goes deep into things, one must still keep a charm, and one must carry into these dark depths of thought, into which speculation has only recently penetrated, the pure and antique clearness of centuries less learned than ours, but with more light in them.

* * * * *

There must be in a poem, not only the poetry of images, but also the poetry of ideas.

* * * * *

Poets have a hundred times more sense than philosophers. In their search after beauty, they light upon more truths than philosophers find in their search after truth.

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*If you were interested in Prof. Squair's article on Joubert last month, and can read French, take out the "Pensees" from the University Library; or, if you would rather read them in English, get Katharine Lyttleton's translation from the Central Public Library on Church Street, book number E. 4397. No matter what course you are in, you will find something connected with your work to surprise you in the wide range of the "Thoughts"—"thoughts that fly like an arrow, and bury themselves in the attention." These are simply taken at random to entice you.

And what is poetry? I know nothing about it at present, but I maintain that in all the words that a true poet uses, the eye finds a certain phosphorescence, the taste a certain nectar, the mind an ambrosea, which are not in other words.

* * * * *

Beware of tricks of style.

* * * * *

Brevity adorned—the highest beauty of style.

* * * * *

We only become correct by correcting.

* * * * *

There is no good and beautiful style that is not full of subtleties, but of delicate subtleties. Delicacy and sublety are the only true signs of talent. Everything else can be imitated—force, gravity, vehemence, even ease; but subtlety and delicacy are impossible to counterfeit for long. Without these, your wholesome style expresses only an upright mind.

* * * * *

The true poet has words that show his thoughts; thoughts that reveal; and a soul that mirrors all things. He has a mind full of distinct images; whilst ours are only full of confused indications.

* * * * *

Other writers set their thoughts before us; poets engrave them on our memory. They have a language, supremely dear to memory, less by virtue of its forms than of its spiritual character. Visions spring from their words; and images from the things they have touched.

* * * * *

We must make ourselves beloved, for men are only just towards those whom they love.

* * * * *

Go and inquire of the young; they know everything.

* * * * *

Politeness smooths away wrinkles.

* * * * *

We live in an age when superfluous ideas abound, and necessary ideas are lacking.

* * * * *

Without duty, life is soft and boneless; it cannot hold itself together.

No. 4 General Hospital, Denmark Hill, London,
January 17, 1918

The Editor ACTA VICTORIANA,
Victoria College, Toronto.

Sir,—In future please refrain from publishing my name in your paper as having been killed until you are *quite sure* that such is the case. Will inform you later when I am dead.

Yours respectfully,
R. W. RYAN, Lieut. R. F. C.

P.S.—Ref. December number, 1917, page 154.

One morning this surprising letter came, and some explanations later. In these Lieut. Ryan tells us he could not believe his eyes when he read of his death in the December ACTA. In our turn, we couldn't believe our eyes when we heard that he was still alive. We don't know how in the mischief either we heard of his demise, but somehow or other we feel that somebody reported dead in ACTA ought to be dead. It's a queer world!

(Extract) London, January 26, 1918

Do you know, I wouldn't believe my eyes when I read of my death in the December number of ACTA. I don't know how in the mischief you heard it. I was in France about two months and a half when the Italian trouble arose and I went there with my squadron. I was in Italy about a month before I had my almost fatal accident. A couple of us collided in the air near the Italian line, at a height of 9000 feet. I am the one survivor. But our machines were terribly smashed in mid-air and I just managed to get down by keeping my head. My life hung by a thread several times before I managed it. You can easily understand that it gave me a terrible nervous shock, and they have decided to give me a long rest before letting me fly again.

Remember me to the others of my acquaintance at Vic.

R. W. RYAN, Lieut. R.F.C.

The following are excerpts from letters written by Lieut. Harold W. Price, who was an Honor Science student with Year 1T9. He is the eldest son of Dr. Frank Price, of Sherbourne St.

In the autumn of 1916 before the Imperial Flying Corps had opened courses of instruction for cadets in Canada, he went to England. After

training in Doncaster and Reading, he left England in June, 1917, for Mesopotamia, sailing along the western coast of Africa and then around Cape of Good Hope. He has had several hospital experiences, the result of sand-fly fever and the unusual climate, but he is now well and enjoying his experiences as these letters show.

Basra, Beit Naama Hospital,
September 18th, 1917.

So when I am sailing high I am most up to God, eh! Did I ever tell you about the first time I ever did go up high? Pardon me if I repeat it. It was at Doncaster, when I was flying Short Horns, a very antiquated piece of machinery. One of my pals went up to 8,000 feet one day. One morning, a few days later, I selected one of the machines that had good climbing abilities, and went up. I never had been above 2,000 feet before, but I was not going to let old Trollope beat me. It was a beautiful morning, but rather cloudy, only occasionally one got a glimpse of the sun through a hole in the clouds. I took off, and made for one of these holes, and managed to get through it and above the clouds safely enough. This machine was so antiquated that it did not even have a compass, but an airman usually notices the direction of the wind on the ground and also where the sun is. I had gone up through the clouds down wind. So taking my direction from the sun I turned up wind. It is very easy to lose a place on the ground when one is flying high, for everything looks different, but by running straight up or down wind I should be able to keep the aerodrome in view. However, the wind is never in the same direction up high, particularly above the clouds, as it is on the ground, so all calculations along those lines are only very approximate. In the meantime, the clouds grew thicker and the holes finally closed up. I found myself alone with the sun, flying over a beautiful rolling sea of infinite whiteness and purity, and up there the sun was wonderfully brilliant. I was alone in a new world. There was no earth. It was just Heaven, and, although it seemed empty of every mortal thing, it was just full of God, and I prayed as only one can pray when God takes one into His sanctuary. Still I climbed on, I passed 6,000 feet with everything going fine. About 7,500 feet I began to see a break in the clouds. Then the ground came into view beyond. That was pleasant, for it meant that I would not have to come down through the clouds, which is risky at any time. At last I crawled above 8,000 feet. Away below me was a town, but I saw no reason why I should not keep on climbing, so I kept it up, but about 8,500 my engine started to miss and back fire. However, I was blissfully ignorant of the danger of catching on fire at 8,000 feet, so I kept on, determined to make 9,000 feet. At last, the indicator on the altimeter touched 9,100 feet. Then I struck her nose down and headed for home. I was over a large reservoir or rather artificial lake, which is part of a system of canals which led back quite close to the aerodrome. So down I came. It takes a good quarter of an hour to come down 9,000 feet in one of those old busses. Then something happened; my engine stopped. Yes, there was the old prop standing absolutely stiff. That meant a forced landing in some level field along the canal if I could not get the prop started again. I stuck her nose down hard, and the old pilot crept up over 80, and then,

finally, the prop ticked over. I breathed a prayer of thankfulness, and pulled her out back to her normal speed of 50. It happened a second time, but I was more confident after that. Finally I landed to find that there was a gale blowing, that all flying had been stopped, and that one of the instructors was off across country searching for my remains.

LIEUT. HAROLD W. PRICE,
Mesopotamia, 63rd Squad, R.F.C.

63rd Squadron, R.F.C., Mesopotamia,
Beit Naama, Basra, Sept. 18, 1917.

Dear Blanche.—So this is the cradle of civilization. Well, to my mind, it is about the most uncivilized place I've ever struck. Still, if laziness is the mother of invention, there may be some reason for it, for these river Arabs are about the laziest, and at the same time, meanest class of men I have ever struck. They say the Bedouins or desert Arabs won't even condescend to fight them.

This is a great country. It is very narrow, less than ten miles. Through the centre runs a river which is the life of the country. It is about a half or three-quarters of a mile wide just here, but accommodates small ocean craft very nicely. On it is just about every conceivable craft that was ever invented. In it are sharks by the million. On each side is the border of date palms, which may be anything less than three miles wide. Amongst these palms live the Arabs and jackals. Beyond them vegetation peters out from low scrub to gorse and flat arid desert. In the scrub are rabbits and foxes. On the desert along the edge of the gorse are gazelles and hyenas. The former are delicious, and the latter have excellent skins. We hunt them by motor, and when we once get them out in the desert they cannot get away from us, although a gazelle can do about 35 miles an hour when there is a motor coming behind. Along the river are duck, teal, herons and other water fowl. In the wood is everything from parrots to English sparrows. Amongst the scrub and gorse are grouse, and, occasionally, quail, but the desert hems this country in just as truly as the ocean does an island. Imagine a clay tennis court, perfectly level and smooth, of infinite dimensions, on which there has been no rain for months, and whose surface has become hard and smooth under the sun and wind, and you have the desert. It is the ideal place to learn to ride or fly or drive a car. As for the latter, you just feel like standing on the accelerator and closing your eyes, and if you were headed away from the river you could do so with impunity until the gas ran out.

Last evening I was watching an Arab fisherman casting his net. The net was circular, maybe fifteen feet in diameter, and of quite small mesh. Around the circumference, about six inches apart, were sinkers. To the centre was fastened a rope. The fisherman stood on the bank and watched for fish. If it had been clear water I presume he would have baited them. When he saw some refuse, such as a melon rind for example, rather aggitated he cast his net. To do so he held his rope in his left hand, and holding one place of the circumference in his mouth, cast it not unlike a lassoo, allowing the sinkers to fall in a large circle around the refuse, and the rope to slip through his left hand. Then he slowly dragged in the rope, thus drawing sinkers together along the bottom and entangling the

fish in the folds of the net as he drew it up, the sinkers and large circumference bunching in at the bottom. Then it was simply a matter of unfolding it and taking out the fish. He made quite a good catch in a short time.

September 4th, 1917.

We are pretty up-to-date. There is an electric light and an electric fan over my head. We get water from the tap, and it is already chlorinated. We get ice and milk delivered daily. The former is an issue, and the latter from a native farmer we have inveighled. We also get eggs, potatoes, cucumbers, melons, pomegranates and dates locally. Milk is eight cents a pint, eggs thirty-two cents a dozen, potatoes seventy-two cents for six pounds, cucumbers six cents each, and watermelons, about the size of muskmelons, sixty-four cents each; pomegranates four cents each, flour $1.93 for half stone tin, vinegar forty-eight cents a pint. Of course we get our army rations of meat, bread, dog biscuit, etc. Occasionally someone manages to run down a gazelle on the desert, or to shoot some duck down along the river, or some grouse out on the scrub. That makes a change for our larder. Incidentally there is good shooting here. I wish I had brought a shot-gun. Besides the above we got foxes, jackals, buzzards. Nobody shoots jackals except when they become a pest. They prowl around our cookhouse at night. They are just a common pest here like rats in some quarters. I have sat and watched one from ten yards. For that matter, I am sure they have been in my tent at night. I have seen some beautiful hyena skins; some have a big bushy mane that extends right down the back to the tail. I should love to see a couple of hyenas fighting with those bristly manes standing out. But that is aside from the food question.

The sugar would interest you. It is date sugar, and there is any amount in the country. It looks like a mixture of brown and fine white sugar, and is very good. It has its own characteristic taste. And so, what with rations and what we get in the bazaar and what we can get from these farmers and herdsmen, not to mention the game, we manage to live fairly well, in fact we live real sumptuously. Won't you come over for dinner to-night? We have roast hind quarter of gazelle and broiled rabbit.

Basra, Mesopotamia.

South Africa is about the only place where they use gold now. Before the war, North and South America were the only places where they used paper money. . . I am in the Indian army. We have Indian servants here who do the work. They are the water-boys or "bhistis" who keep the stone water jars or "chattis" full. The water here is kept in big porous earthen jars; it percolates through, so the outside is always moist. These are then put in the shade in the draught, such as an open window on the shady side of the house, and even when the temperature is 120 degrees, you can get a fairly cool drink from them. Then they also water the trees and the garden. Around each tree is a little hollow, and these are all connected by a system of ditches to the place where they draw water from the river.

They put up a couple of posts and pivot a nice long pole between them.

On one end they put a weight, such as a sand bag, and on the other a bucket, or rather a basin, on the end of a rope, and so adjust them that the weight will just nicely pull up the basin of water. These basins will hold as much as several of our pails, and are fastened a little way below the edge so that they will tilt quite easily. Then they simply give a pull on the rope and that throws the weight up in the air, and the basin falls into the water. Then the weight pulls up the water and the "bhistis" gives the basin a tilt and the rope another pull. When they get these things going they can make them go as fast as the pendulum of a grandfather clock, so they can soon get a lot of water up.

October 30, 1917.

You mention Sennacherib. He is an old friend of mine. Yet, a bit mature now. He did a lot for the country, and the best of it is that he kept a record of it. He conquered downstream just as we are working up. Then he built a fleet on the gulf, and his admirals kept remarkably accurate and detailed records. One of the most interesting exploits was a naval expedition against the Elamites. He mobilized his navy and marines at the mouth of the Tigris at a post which is to-day a few miles above Ezra's tomb. From there he put out on the gulf and landed at the mouth of the Karum at a point ten miles below Ahuaz.

Mr. Dyer, '17, in a letter to a friend, wishes to send his heartiest thanks to the girls of '17 for the Christmas parcel they sent to him. He has been in France a little over two months now.

R. F. C.

Ten thousand high I boldly fly,
A darting speck against the sun;
Who dares my path must meet my wrath,
The dread staccato of my gun.

Proudly I said mid shrapnel hail,
With smoke clouds searching for my death;
My wings are scarred and bullet marred,
But still unharmed I draw my breath.

With eagle eye the ground I spy
And mark the foeman's toilsome line,
Fearless, elate, master of fate,
Drinking the ozone's anodyne.

The stinging race and dustless air,
The thrill of never-equalled speed,
The sense of power make my brief hour
Worth Ages spent on lesser meed.

And if at last my lot be cast
And, hurtling downward to the fray,
Swift end be mine, do not repine.
Suffice it I have known my day.

Enough I saw the higher law,
Enough my glorious game I played,
Enough I die in my blue sky,
Self-justified, and unafraid.

—*Gould.*

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Contributions and Exchanges should be sent to C. R. Greenaway, Editor-in-Chief. "Acta Victoriana"; business communications to H. C. Binkley, Business Manager, "Acta Victoriana," Victoria College, Toronto.

EDITORIAL

A recent conversation between a graduate and under-graduate of Victoria struck rock-bottom when first launched by beginning something like this: The graduate with a serious interest in the struggling hopeful asks, "Are you keeping up with your work?"

Prompt and decisive, embraced in a monotone, came the reply, "No!"

"Are you satisfied with residence life?"

The same stirring response. A little more detailed enquiry seemed to lead to the conclusion that at college nobody ever got his or her work done, was never able to enter really enthusiastically into any activity which particularly appealed to him, and consequently towards the close of his final year was harrowed by a vague feeling of lack of attainment, of perhaps not exactly time wasted but time not judiciously and economically spent, and even possibly a sense of the "buried talent."

Why, in all reason, should such come to be the case in the very place where, to an outsider, it would seem every opportunity for just the opposite existed? Here lies the paradox. It is not lack of opportunity that is to blame but too great a profusion of attractions, coupled with students lacking definiteness of purpose and strength of will, also the conscientious support of institutions valuable at one time but by the natural law of change supplanted by others.

Said the graduate, "Discussion groups seem to be the order of the day at present. Why not let them take the place of other institutions."

The student's eyes lighted up at the name. "I belong to three," she said (Yes, you may as well know the women are responsible this time).

"Drop two of them," said the elder, "and kill off several of the non-essentials."

This is one point of view. We do not wish to dogmatically lay down laws of conduct for anyone, but it occurred to us that this view was worthy of consideration.

Partly as a result of the conversation referred to, yet more truly the culmination in outward expression of much the same ideas latent in the minds of a small group of students, in a certain large college residence, a resolution sprang into being, to be signed by those who desired. We quote its terms because they appealed to us as sound common sense and good suggestion.

1. To study at least forty hours per week, including lecture hours.
2. To rest eight hours out of every twenty-four.
3. To go to bed at a reasonably early hour.

As the term is drawing towards its close (we know how our readers enjoy being reminded of that auspicious fact) it seems to us forty hours is little enough. But what a splendid standard it would be for a whole college year! Let us put it this way—eight hours per day during five days, with Saturday as a saving loop-hole on which to atone for sins of omission in the past. King Alfred regulated his life thus—eight hours for work, eight for rest, and eight for all other contingencies. Doubtless some critics consider the forty hour estimate insufficient, but its propagators remind us of the myriad legitimate college duties not coming within its compass—executive meetings, discussion groups (except when an integral part of the work outlined in the calendar), athletics, debates, even writing editorials for ACTA itself. "Whew!" you exclaim, and if you are in the majority probably a cold shudder runs down your spine. But wouldn't even a plunge in a slippery pool of March slush be ultimate gain if some of us were roused from that passive line of least resistance which begets a half hearted endeavor along a score of lines and too often makes us lose sight of the real reason we are here—to get something we cannot get anywhere else. What is fine in itself may cause disaster to some. Therefore we commend to the scrutiny of our readers the forty hour basis as making for that much talked-of and greatly desired individual, the good, "all-round" sort. We were rather astonished to find the very motto for this suggestion in the mouth of none other than Mephistopheles as, disguised in Dr. Faust's long robe, he exhorts the student, "Doch Ordnung lehrt euch Zeit gewinnen."

Perhaps our readers would prefer to take their counsel from a more orthodox Englishman. If so let them meditate on Ruskin: "Temperance in the nobler sense . . . . means the power which governs the most intense energy and prevents its acting in any way but as it ought."
Or re-consider the well-known little verse of Thos. Ingoldsby:

"Be *just*, and be *generous*, don't be *profuse!*—
Pay the debts that you owe,—keep your word to your friends
But—*don't set your candles alight at both ends.*"

The Minenwerfer

By Khan Tene
Guaranteed Uncensored

President Wilson's famous watchword "the world safe for democracy" is now being extensively parodied "democracy safe for the world." Have we herein problems enunciated which really admit of solution? If so, what is the surest, swiftest, most permanent means?

In the anarchy of Russia, the smouldering revolt of Ireland, the sullen aloofness of Quebec, we have apparently widely diverse manifestations of what is at base a simple definite problem,—of education. We see the Bolsheviki frankly committed to the destruction of Russian and all other nationality in order to found an international socialistic fraternity. The Sinn Fein, on the other hand, yearn to revive one of the oldest nationalities of Europe and to set it apart by itself. The Quebec Nationalists, so far as analysis of their aims is possible, desire to step out of their present environment and destiny as co-partners in the development of an embryo nationality and found a republic modelled on that of the Mother Country they have repudiated.

At a time when the very existence of freedom is at stake in a world war, the obvious procedure is to summarily compel a cessation of such academic, visionary, suicidal propaganda, and rudely bring a deluded populace to its senses. But in so doing democracy admits the necessity of coercion and justifies itself through the strong arm of might. It is as inconceivable that coercion can ever again be righteously and efficaciously employed to save a people from themselves as that charity can eliminate destitution. A nation cannot be indicted, for it is sovereign; but it must be educated or it will perish. Where shall we look among the despotisms for a more outrageous tyranny than that of an ignorant, bigoted "popular" democracy? "Democracy safe for the world" may seem the slogan of the reactionary; it belongs rather to the educationist.

The Hun, even, surpassed civilization in his appreciation of education, though he has prostituted it to the vilest ends. Both in organization within and in propaganda abroad he has excelled. And while we have fought for abstractions such as the vague "principles of democracy," strong in the righteousness of our cause and scorning anything less grandiose, he has deprived us of our Russian

ally and almost of Italy, to say nothing of the attitude he has engendered in Spain and other neutrals. Nor has the assistance been inconsiderable which he has received through the snares contrived by unscrupulous or fanatical opportunists amongst the illiterate and primitive peoples of Quebec and Ireland.

Why is education not raised to the national importance of military and naval defence as a bulwark of the national security? The Dominion of Canada has been persistently ignoring a supreme opportunity to weld the elements of a powerful national spirit. Surely provincialism is now a matter of history. Internationalism is yet a remote ideal. But the problems of democratic nationalism, next to an Allied triumph, demand the immediate, earnest, enlightened effort of the world.

Personals and Exchanges

J. A. Ayearst, '94, (of the famous firm of Ayearst, Baird and Hazen) of old Victoria days, is still bringing the unrighteous to repentance by the "terror of the law" in connection with the License Commission at the Parliament Buildings. Were all Civil servants as efficient as he, we would hear less about "patronage" in political affairs.

R. A. Daly, '91, now Professor of Geology in Harvard University, has gone to France to lecture in the Y.M.C.A. training camps of the American Army. We wonder what his subject will be. Professors seem to be in demand, and we are hearing now of Khaki Colleges, which are supposed to deal with Re-Education, whatever that mysterious word may mean.

Alice Fife, '04, spent three weeks at the "Union" on her way from Cambridge, where she had been visiting her sister, Mrs. Emmerson, who was Mary Fife, of '98.

Hazel Moffatt, '16, is giving evening lectures on Household Science in Peterboro.

Medeline Fissette, '18, who is working in a bank in Brantford, delighted her friends at Annesley by a week-end visit.

1913 had a dinner and re-union on Tuesday, February 12th, at the Union. Seventeen of the old year managed to get together again. Dinner was followed by toasts and an interesting account of some of his experiences at the front, by Dr. Reg. Smith.

We notice that W. H. Schofield, '89, Professor of Comparative Literature at Harvard since 1906, has been appointed Exchange Professor for this year to Knox, Beloit, Carleton, Grinnell and Colerado Colleges.

How would it do to have Exchange Professors over here now that Berlin and other academic centres in Europe are closed to visitors from other lands?

Signallers S. M. Sweetman, '19, and L. W. Miskelly, '19, have written to the effect that the Christmas boxes arrived in excellent condition and were greatly appreciated by all.

Word has been received that Sprs. J. E. White, '18, A. B. Stevenson, '18, L. Keeling, '19, and L. G. Smith, '19, arrived safely at Seaforth Camp, Sussex, England, about the 1st of January, after a pleasant passage.

The many friends of Lieut. Meredith Huycke, '18, who enlisted shortly after the outbreak of the war, will be glad to welcome him back to Victoria again. He was wounded last May and invalided home in October. He is still on leave and hopes to write his exams. this spring with 1T9.

PARRISH.— Accidentally killed, in England, on Friday, January 11, 1918, Flight Lieut. G. L. Parrish, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Parrish, of Caledonia, in his 19th year.

CALEDONIA AVIATOR'S DEATH.

Caledonia, Jan. 18. — Mr. A. W. Parrish, manager of the Standard Bank of Caledonia, received a message, on Friday, January 11, that his son George, Flight Lieut., was seriously injured in an aeroplane accident in England, and the next evening another message came announcing his death. He was a Victoria student in residence at Burwash Hall last winter, and enlisted with the Flying Corps. He made rapid advancement and expected in a few days to get to France. He was a fine athlete, of sterling character and very popular at college and in his home town.

VARSITY M.P.P. RETURNS.

A regular "fighting parson" is Capt. Robert Pearson, member of the Provincial Parliament for Alberta, who recently sailed for Canada on leave to attend the forthcoming session of the House. During his undergraduate days at Victoria College, where he took his arts course with class '04, "Bob" Pearson, as he was popularly called, took a prominent part in all forms of student sports. He was especially well known as a Rugby player and a member of the athletic directorate. After graduation he went west and accepted the pastorate of a church in Calgary. When the call to arms came he enlisted in an Albertan infantry battalion and went overseas with the rank of lieutenant. He was later promoted captain, and after being wounded in 1916, transferred to the military Y.M.C.A., with whom he has been serving in France until his election as soldier representative necessitated returning to take over his parliamentary duties.

A confirmation of the news of the death, from wounds, of Lieut. Walter U. Cotton, has been announced at the University. He was a student at Victoria College in 1912-14. He enlisted with the O. F. C., and went overseas about a year ago, being attached, on completing his course, to the Lancashire Fusiliers. His home is in Newton, Nfld. He was wounded last summer.

V. C. WOMEN'S VOCATIONAL CONFERENCE.

Some wise men around the University tell us that we are not getting an education at all, if while going through college we dare contemplate future means of earning our bread and butter. If this be so, Victoria women have fallen from grace in their new venture, "The Vocational Conference," and that everyone voted it "just grand" shows how deeply they have sunk into the mire. Friday evening, February 22nd, Mr. Crawford, Editor on the *Globe* staff, set forth the charms of Journalism as an ever widening field for women. Miss Lillian Smith also spoke on Library work, especially library work with children. On Saturday afternoon an interesting discussion on Social Service was led by Mr. A. H. Burnett, Miss Julia Heyl and Miss Lane.

During these meetings the burden of the refrain seemed to be, "Take up these branches of labor for the love of the work, but never hope to become wealthy." Imagine then the relief it was on Saturday night to hear Miss Wiseman, who spoke on business opportunities for girls, mention salaries which almost took one's breath away. Miss Harvey then pointed out the need of girls for farm work this year, both for fruit picking and on mixed farms. The Conference concluded Sunday afternoon with a discussion on Missionary work in Japan, led by Miss Allan.

The girls all agreed that the Conference had done much to straighten out their tangles as to their future sphere of activity. As one girl said, "It gave me some ideas, and it is always well to have ideas."

SENIOR RECEPTION.

Time Flies.—The obvious retort of the small boy would be, "I can't. Their flight is too swift. However, time does fly, and another Senior Reception has come and gone with its usual Farewell Speeches and Exchange of Stubs. The program was especially interesting. After a few remarks by Prof. Ford, Honorary President of the year, the wonderful way in which 1T8 has "rambled right along" through Vic was set forth by the class historian. The Sticks then changed hands, all the speakers being so enthusiastic that it was hard to tell whether it was more blessed to give than to receive. The prophecies were read to the jingle "For I dipt into the future, far as human eye can see," and were voted as "just suiting" each particular individual. The entertainment was greatly added to by a vocal solo by Miss M. Talbot, and a violin selection by Mr. F. J. Baine, after which everyone repaired to the halls where the University Orchestra was already tuning up. At the end of the seventh prom. the differ-

ent years grouped together and gave their yells. The evening was brought to a close by singing "Auld Lang Syne" and the National Anthem. Then all was over but the running of the "fearful gauntlet"—from the Ladies' Cloak Room to the main door—which is very amusing for the gauntlet but "just dreadful" for the runners.

Prof. Edgar.—"Now Scott's novels are not philosophic like those of Henry James, *George Eliot*, George Meredith and *men* like that."

Miss Od-ll, '19, (after a philosophy lecture).—"Well, Mary, *are* you or *aren't* you?"

Miss My-s, '19.—"The dear knows! I think I *will*."

Prof. Auger (lecturing on Paradise Lost).—"Now, ladies and gentlemen, you will have to get used to a Hell—with a *geography* and a *climate*."

Miss A. W-nt-r, '18, (speaking of the talk on Re-Educational Work, given by Dr. Bott).—"Isn't it odd? When I came into the room Miss Sparling was just speaking of Y.W. C.A."

Miss C-rt-y, '19.—"That is queer. When I came in she was just mentioning the leader of the opposition."

Miss Fl-nd-rs, '18.—"How strange! When I came in Dr. Bott was speaking of the Mentally Deficient."

Miss F-f- (1T9).—"It's awfully hard trying to make dates with Farmer's during October and November."

Miss -v-ns (1T9).—"Well, I should think you could have a better time with city men, anyway."

Miss M. Sm-th, '19.—"I'm writing an essay on the devil this week."

Miss Ev-ns, '19.—"Oh, well, you ought soon to get well *warmed* up to your subject."

First Sophette.—"I have to go to a party dressed like Mary Pickford. Whatever will I do with my hair?"

Second Sophette.— "Why, Curlette!"

First Senior.—"If I could get my hands on that cat at the Union, I know what I'd do!"

Second Junior.—"What?"

First Junior. — "Skinner, of course!"

Exams I love, I do declare it,
Who dares to call them bosh?
For if we had to pass on merit
I still would be a Frosh.

—D. V. S.

B-nk-y.—"Say, Stan., I want an adjective descriptive of a pig. You see, if it were an ass I could say asinine."

St-n.—"Well, try porcupine."

Freshette (noticing Gunn's street car advertisement—Fancy New Laid Eggs). "Yes, just fancy!"

Grad. of '17 (finds Faculty work interesting).—"Girls, I just had an awful time with that class this morning. I had the responsibility of thirty children hanging on my shoulders."

À cà, did you notice on p. 156 of the December Rebel, the account of case 208.— "Supposed to drink (mother of 205)." We imagine that might be enough to drive any woman to drink.

D-k-n-s-n (at rink).—"You know, I know what it is to be too popular."

Miss W-ll-ms.—"What!"

D-k-n-s-n.—"Yes; you see, I——"

Smith (to Spanish master).—"I won't be taking Spanish any more, sir."

Span. Prof.—"Hum! Are you the guy that's always unprepared?"

Smith.—"Yessir."

Span. Prof.—"Then, I'm glad to hear it."

Smith.—"There's two of us, sir."

Bouck (noticing two vacant chairs and Bl-ckb-rn who has just rushed in, late for dinner).—"Sit right down, Bishop, there's your place."

W-st-n, '21, (pulling vigorously upon a door on which were the letters P U S H).—"Oh, I beg your pardon. I'm so used to Ottawa, where everything is pull."

Dean Wallace (in Chapel). —"Now, I have an announcement to make which will interest every one, both the *students* and the *women*."

Miss M. Sm-th, '19, (talking of the oratorical contest).— "I think I should like to speak on *Superstition*."

Miss O-d-l, '19,.—"And let them put the lights out, and make it creepy."

Miss F-ll-r, '21.—"Why, yes! And then if they did that you could *read* your paper, and none could see you."

One of our professors tells an interesting story of a young lady who was working on the farm this summer. She was given a peck measure and asked to put a bushel of wheat in a bag. She put in two measures and stopped. The farmer pointed out the mistake and told her to put in two more. "Oh," said she, "I'm so sorry. This work *is* so entirely new to me. You see I've never done anything but teach school."

Where do you suppose all our poets and might-be-poets and ought-to-be-poets have concealed themselves? Will the first person who finds their whereabouts please communicate with us, for we want to talk to them extra specially.

At the 2T1 sleighing party it was announced that no man could go without a partner.

Moore, C. T. (later).—"Have you got a man yet?"

Miss R-ss-t-er.—"No."

Moore (in high glee).—"Come along, then."

THE FIGHTING PARSON.

Frid. (the morning after the tie-game with U. C., pointing to his beautifully decorated left eye).—"This is what you get for upholding the honor of the college."

Prof. Langford—"Why, what were you doing?"

Frid.—"Playing basketball."

Prof.—"How did it come out?"

Frid.—"Oh, it ended in a dispute."

Prof.—"Yes, so I see."

B. F. Gr-n, B.A., (after Sat. Feb. 23).—"What did you do with all the girls, N—l, you looked like a young Turk, taking his harem out for a stroll?"

Neal 2T0.—"Oh, there's safety in numbers, Burdge."

B. F. G.—"I thought my safety would be in Exodus."

Roseborough 2T1 (to Blachford). "You are in the *same* year as Alex. MacGowan, are you not?"

Blatchford.— "No, I'm in my fourth year."

Roseborough.— "Pardon me, I thought he was your senior."

Dean Wallace (to class in N. T. Theology).—Now, next period we will deal with the personal 'agents of the Devil.' Unfortunately, we have to do it in more ways than one."

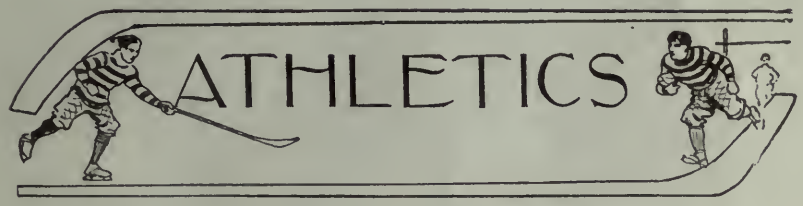
Prof. Hooke (to History Class).— "The Semitic races are superstitious about exact numbers and names, that is why, in Hebrew, you wouldn't call a man by his own name, you would call him, son-of-a———."

There was a young freshman, a daisy,
Whom no one could designate lazy.
But he started to cram
In the middle of Jan.
So that people all thought he was crazy.

—N. E.

"Little Bo-Peep. fell fast asleep"—
You know how the old story goes.
But minding sheep does not induce sleep
As soon as "Latin Prose."

—N. E.



WOMEN'S ATHLETICS.

In tennis and basketball this year we have experienced only the joys and delights of winning. Now in hockey we are going through the heart-rending anguish of losing. The first two hockey matches of the season—the one with St. Hilda's and the other with University College—were both lost by the wonderful score of 1-0.

We realize, of course, that we were attempting a great deal in trying, or even thinking of winning the three championships, and, perhaps, we really deserve to lose. Lose did you say! Steady there! ! We have only lost two games, and there are yet two to be played.

Are we downhearted? No! Not by a good deal!

INTER-YEAR GAMES.

There are vague rumors in the air that the inter-year basketball games are to be played soon. Every one is showing her usual ardent enthusiasm, and it is to be hoped the games will be finished sometime this year. There is always some rivalry as to which year will have its name engraved on the silver cup along with the ancient heroes who played basketball before us.

The hockey inter-year games will be scheduled after the inter-faculty games are finished.

INTER-YEAR HOCKEY.

The final games of the season here are those between the various years, —and of course with that word "final" goes the idea of fast, furious, exciting, and the inevitable drawing forth of all the Burwash "fans." But in trying to make these games "the *final* ones of the season" our enthusiasm sometimes goes too far, with the result that the *ice* is not always ice.

Our endeavors last year certainly proved fatal, for the deciding game between the Freshettes and Juniors was not played off until Thursday morning, February 21, 1918,—and of course by that time the Freshettes had developed into noble Sophomores, and the Juniors into Seniors! It was truly a most exciting game, with a score of 3 to 2 in favor of the Sophs, which therefore gave to 2T0 the much-coveted championship.

The first of this year's series was played almost a week later, between the Freshman and Sophomore years. The boards were well lined with rooters, and the game was a hot one, in every sense of the word. But 2T0 lived up to her reputation and came out victor with a score of 3 to 0. The Freshman team, however, showed great promise, especially when one considers that the majority of them have never played hockey before this year. From among them, Miss Wallis and Miss Wilmot deserve particular mention. Of course Miss Edington starred for 2T0 throughout the game, but Miss Hilliard on defence, and Miss Kerr in gaol, did splendid work.

Immediately after this game the Juniors and Seniors played off their tie (1-1) of the week before. It was most closely contested again, but the Juniors summed up all their powers and determination, and the game ended in their favor, 3-0. Miss Magwood played brilliantly throughout; but the Seniors were evidently feeling the effects of previous dissipation, so as a result did not play with their usual vivacity!

Thus it remained for 1T9 and 2T0 to fight the championship for this year out between them,—but it is likely to "remain" so, for again the weather-man proved unkind. But these games have certainly fostered *esprit de corps* among the different years, and have called forth much good-natured rivalry. A great deal of credit is due the coaches, too, and we all extend to them our most heartfelt thanks.

The line-ups are as follows:

4th Year.—D. Smith, L. Pearson, I. Brown, H. Sparling, B. Flanders, A. Winter, E. Watson.

3rd year.—G. Magwood, G. Fife, J. Smith, M. M. Robinon, N. Evans, H. Hunt, F. Tufford.

2nd Year.—G. Burwash, C. Kilborn, M. Marshall, J. Edgington, R. Hilliard, M. Deeves, E. Sheridan, J. Kerr.

1st Year.—J. Rossiter, G. Wallis, H. Dewey, M. Goulding, E. Wilmot, M. Hewson, T. Cox..

Group honors in the Jennings Cup series being denied Victoria this year, the interest in hockey culminated in the inter-year series. In the opening game '20, last year's champions, met '21. The first period ended 3 to 0 in favor of the Sophs, after which the game became more even, as the Freshies tied the score in the last two periods, the final count being 7 to 4 in favor of the Sophs.

There was a sound of revelry by night when the victorious Sophomores met "The Rest" of the college

(grads, Seniors and Juniors) in the deciding game. For various reasons, chiefly on account of the changeable nature of the weather, the combat was staged after the Senior reception, play commencing shortly after midnight and ending about 2.15 a.m. on March 2nd. A score of sleepy but enthusiastic rooters encouraged the warriors, and they were rewarded by seeing a game in which spectacular rushes, hard body-checks, numerous trips, and old-time shinny alternated. Sad to relate, fickle fortune, after smiling first on one team and then on the other, reversed the popular saying that "youth will be served," for victory finally rested with the veterans. The first two periods were scoreless, but in the third period each side secured two goals, necessitating ten minutes over-time being played, during which "the Rest" scored three times, the final count being 5 to 2 in their favor.

"Tell it not in Gath," but Dame Rumor has whispered that the co-eds in Annesley discussed the game at breakfast that morning—perhaps there were more than a score of spectators who witnessed that midnight game. Perhaps that was the reason the teams played so well. Here they are:

"The Rest"—Little, Bouck, Blatchford, Bentley, Lang, Denton.

The Sophs—Mutart, Luke, Gordon, McKinney, Johnston, Horwood.

The Frosh—Ayearst, Murgatroyd, Graydon, Roseborough, Westman, Linton.

INTER-YEAR BASKET BALL.

No one can complain of any lack of class spirit in the inter-year games. One senior expressed the belief that inter-year games created too much "feeling" and "jealousy" among the years and should be abolished along with traditions and other relics of the past. But "rebels" are always with us and shouldn't be seriously considered.

For the second time '20 has won the shield. In the first game between the first and second years the score was rather in favor of the second year, 37 to 14. Yet there is a good deal of athletic ability among this year's freshettes. After another year's practice they will doubtless win recognition on the College team. The '21 line-up was: G. Wallis and M. Hewson, defence; L. Follick and H. Dewey, centres; T. Davidson and T. Cox, forwards. '20 line-up: C. Kilborn and E. Sheridan, defence; F. Snider and R. Hilliard, centres; J. Edgington and J. Kerr, forwards.

The second game between third and fourth years was very much in favor of the fourth year (11 to 2), largely due to the excellent defence work of Miss Flanders.

The following were the line-ups:

Fourth Year—B. Flanders and F. McDonald, defence; G. Watt and I. Brown, centres; L. Pearson and J. Tickell, forwards.

Third Year—G. Fife and J. Smith, defence; H. Hunt and J. O'Dell, centres; C. Kilborn and N. Evans, forwards.

The final game between the second and fourth years was very interesting. The fourth year succeeded in getting the first baskets, but '20 soon showed that they had no monopoly in that work and the final score was 18 to 11 in favor of the second year.

Lines Composed on Re-visiting the Reference Library

(By A Grad, *with apologies to Wordsworth*).

Five years have past; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters, and again I hear
That subtle grinding noise; and at the desk
A soft, insistent murmur. Once again
Do I behold those deep and lofty tomes
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion. At the tables,
Here and there dispersed, the frenzied plug
Doth through his towsled locks his fingers run.
The day was, once, when I did here like these,
Under these same green lights—also, these same
Oft connèd volumes plodded through; erstwhile
Outdoors, at this same season, budding trees
Are clad in one green hue; and tulips ope
Their red and golden lips to catch the showers.
Once more, I see the weary student enter,
Check his raincoat and umbrella, wet
From these same showers; and a maiden see
Pause, with pencil in her mouth to gaze
Sadly distracted at her new spring hat,
Reflected in the lamp-shade. Alas, I sigh,
For I have learned to look on studies not
As in the hour of thoughtless youth, a drudgery
With aimless view, but seeing oftentimes
The slow sad pageant on a bright May noon
That winds across the campus to the Hall
Of Convocation, where the last reward is won,
And the President dubs the faithful knight—B.A.

ACTA SUBSCRIBERS

THIS is the last issue of ACTA before the closing of College. The "Graduation" number alone remains, and it will leave the press the latter part of May or early in June. Copies will be mailed to each subscriber without extra charge, provided we have his or her address.

In order to receive the Graduation number of Acta your address MUST be left with Miss Wilson at the College office before you leave.

W. H. BOUCK,
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Total Assets - $335,000,000

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"Mum—ee," ejaculated the infant.

"Yes; Mummy's taking Baby to town." was the fond reply.

"Dad—ee," babbled Baby, accompanied by many spirited gestures of the arms and legs.

"Daddy wants Baby to be a good girl," said Mamma by way of improving the occasion.

Ee—ta," gurgled the Baby after another interval of incoherence.

"Yes, Eaton's—Mummy's taking Baby to see all the dollies and pretty things at Eaton's."

"Ee—ta," echoed Baby.

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Capital Subscribed -	$2,500,000
Capital Paid Up -	1,750,900
Reserve Fund - -	1,750,000
Total Assets - - -	9,472,824

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THE REGISTRAR